

# PICTORIS CARMINA

FREDERIC CROWNSHIELD



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# Pictoris Carmina









*To a Lunette*

“Sweeter to gaze and idly dream than toil”

SEE PAGE 70



# PICTORIS CARMINA

BY

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



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# SONNETS





*“Quelle plume enviable que celle de ces peintres, quand l’occasion s’offre à eux de quitter la palette pour l’encrier et de jeter un cri du cœur !”*

Gazette des Beaux-Arts, BERNARD PROST.

SUCH words give needed heart to lay aside .

The wonted tools, and take the stranger pen,

And sing acceptably to lettered men

Of things one cannot limn, nor yet would hide.

Perchance the tropes of him who doth abide

In bond to Nature and adore, or when

She clouds and frets, or smiles and shines again,

May wreath his simple thoughts with comely pride.

And these sincerities, that have their root

In raptured vision which mere speech transcends,

May find their analogues in stately throng

Of wingéd bards. Yet some one might impute

A freshness to them. But if not? — His friends

Will know him better from his candid song.

## · THE TONIC

FROM time to time for health of soul 't is well  
To live with Nature hermit-wise and drink  
From stainless source ; to diagnose, nor shrink  
From cold dissection in a lofty cell  
Whence we relentless look on those who dwell  
In herds, blind for the dusty pack, nor blink  
The trending ultimate of men who think  
That they have found a Heaven in very Hell.  
Yes, it is wholesome now and then to steel  
The moral sense — to wrestle not with man  
'Fore man—but on some scabrous mountain peak  
Among the clouds, to tune of thunder-peal,  
To wrestle with one's self before great Pan:  
And thus phylactered, men again to seek.

## O ARTIST, SPEAK !

O ARTIST, speak thy genuine thoughts unawed  
By habits' lack. Whate'er thou hast to say  
Thy better reason's habit will betray  
Which operates on life, and hath ignored  
Ephemeral catch-words sheep-like men applaud.  
Thou hast conciseness' gift ; thou dost obey  
Proportion's laws ; thou dost not pad for pay,  
Since thou hast soul with vetoing beauties stored.  
When thou art ravished by some fairy scene  
And wouldst with transport other hearts subject,  
Concentrate thou dost seek the thrilling clue  
And note it with insistence ; nor dost screen  
The primal with uneloquent effect  
That lessens it. Thou speakest clear and true.

## THE REASON

I LOVE my lady for her beauteous face,  
And flaunt the blazon of her bonny mien,  
*Then* vauntingly proclaim her soul, unseen  
Till I am shackled by her bonds of grace.  
Sweet Nature's face I love — the clouds that race  
From ridge to ridge, full-viewed by autumn's Queen  
Waving her golden rods in scarlet sheen !  
Nor seek I reason ethical. I trace  
The silhouette of some fair monument  
Entranced. I love its face for symmetry ;  
For ratio pure of mass to residue  
Of void ; for decoration pertinent.  
And yet some sage, in self-sufficiency,  
Will say 'tis beautiful because 't is *true*.

## AFTER THE PLAY

A SOMBRE piece, recalling harrowing days,  
Aye years, of cruel fratricidal strife  
That had for proem throbbing drum and fife,  
And brass dementing, braided gold, and maze  
Embayonnetted of youth's flower, and craze  
Of girls hand-clapping the parade of life  
Deemed charmed 'gainst scath. Alas, young loving  
    wife,  
What change did bring thee that infernal blaze  
From actuality — that gaudless play  
In sickening acts — the powder-grime — the steel —  
The lead of triple shriek, that strident tears  
A cry unwilling from lips fast turning gray,  
And thine own piercing scream, dear Heart and leal,  
Whom adamantine Death unpitying spares !

## DECEMBER

AH, one by one my faiths the fairest fall,  
Which I had deemed inwoven in the woof  
And warp of souls commercing 'neath the roof  
Of friendship — where we give our mutual all  
Confidingly ; where franknesses do call  
For reciprocity ; wherein no proof  
Is claimed, since from the Lie we hold aloof,  
And by the Truth its right of life forestall.  
So fall the autumn's gauds before the gale  
That ramps from out the arctic skies of flint  
And bares the sterling skeleton of things.  
I love it not ; yet would I feel its pale  
Cold breath, and see in icy eye the glint  
Of Verity, and hear its candid wings.

## TO MY MUSE

SWEEP me, O shining clouds, oh sweep me swift  
Above the topmost passion's burning peak  
To my imperial Love. For I am weak  
With unattained desire, nor have I gift  
Serene of Hope, nor can I plod with drift  
Of commoners who would laborious seek  
Her up the crags of Art, and 'fore her speak  
The never spoken word. O, clouds, uplift  
Me kindly on your fleet, resplendent wings,  
Swifter and whiter than the god-like bull  
That rapt Europa to enraptured meet.  
Lift me to where she stands, the offerings  
Of Genius on her brow. Lift me on full  
Illumined forms, that I may kiss her feet !

## DECADENCE

WHEN fields are green with aftermath of Fall,  
When trees parade in rich vermilioned dress,  
Wan exhalations from the vales possess  
The full, ripe forms of Earth, and cast a pall  
Impalliding o'er mellow hues. Withal  
Not charmless — but the charm that doth impress  
Pale fever on some deep-eyed shepherdess  
Near Rome, who croons her morbid madrigal.  
Yet when the waxing sun with lusty rays  
Burns into nothingness the vapors white,  
And bares the splendid view of mount and lea,  
Then gladsome Nature chants his ringing praise.  
O, Life, consume the pale malarious blight  
That hangs o'er Art, and give us Sanity !



## NATIONAL ART

WELCOME the foreign aptitudes that reap  
Us honor, westward borne on ravening prow  
White-toothed and fleet, that ever sateless rouse  
The undulations of the glaucous deep !  
Welcome the alien blood that aye may keep  
By fresh infusion Life upon thy brows,  
O Art Compatriot, my mystic Spouse,  
And guard thee from content's anæmic sleep !  
Yet see to it thou dost not rash exceed  
Precision to inoculate, or ape  
Thy benefactors. Elsewise wilt thou lag  
Behind the shining throng, nor hope to lead,  
Nor e'en stand peer. If foremost — thou must  
drape  
Thyself in starry folds, thy country's flag.

## THE SILENT WHEEL

O'ER all, dull browns, wan umbers, and decay !  
    Embrowned the serrate outline of the drear  
    Escarpéd heights that leap abrupt from mere,  
    Entangled with the umbered husks which sway  
Their sapless tufts, not long ago so gay  
    And confident. Embrowned the selvage sere  
    Of road — fair-trimmed with flowers when the year  
    Was full — on which I take my sober way.  
Then flashes past me on the silent wheel  
    The radiance from a vivid, dazzling red —  
    A jaunty habit worn by jaunty maid —  
Like scarlet poppies that unwelcome steal  
    Among the ripening stalks. Now umbers shed  
    A glory, and my mien no more is staid !

*To a Portrait. (New England Victrix)*

“Against a background cool of solemn green”

SEE PAGE 36







ET IN ARCADIA EGO

TEN thousand poets hymn the glories white  
And rose of May, and myriad artists limn  
The gala boughs of fruiting trees and film  
Of fresh-born green on rusty earth, where blight  
Of frost has lain. The iterated sight  
Is ever new. Conditions shift with whim  
Of sun, or the elusive mood of him  
Who e'en mean things exalts with fancies dight.  
To-day no carnival of pink and blue,  
The petal gleaming on a lambent sky.  
Dark tell the fragrant blossoms 'gainst the sad  
Sea-nurtured clouds, while at my feet the hue  
Of purple *pensées* tunes my thoughts to sigh  
Of southern airs. And yet the thrush sings glad !

## MORNING HOPES

COULD but the dew of silver-tinted morn,  
Agleam with nascent light from orient sky,  
Retain its sparkle fresh when noon is high,  
And till the flaming orb, of radiance shorn,  
Gives place to night! Could but our hopes new-born  
Hold true, and brave the beams reality  
Emits, and dusky-wingéd grief belie,  
Thus making day a never-ending dawn!  
Would not our fickle fate — in turn betrayed  
By feather-footed joy, and pain more slow —  
Exalted be in perpetuity?  
Yet to enhance the light there should be shade,  
Yet to enjoy the sweet, we should taste woe,  
And to attain to bliss, we needs must die.



## THE FRAME

WERE we to frame our pictures in such wise,  
That no enhancement would be duly lent  
To gracious subtleties on which was spent  
Our flame ; we could not justly stigmatize  
Indifference. When love-flushed lips and eyes  
Are framed by massive golden hair, we vent  
Frank, lavish praise. Yet were the tresses bent  
O'er noble brow less fair, not to the skies  
Should we our Aphrodite laud. Oh, yes,  
The frame counts much. Ofttimes there rests on  
sheet,  
Disfigured by unsightly word or dress,  
Some jewel smothered in the baneful reek.  
The skimming eye nor reads nor heeds. In waste  
'Tis lost, or tainted by a noxious taste.

## THE SETTING

IN the fresh cool of matutinal hour,  
    'Neath chestnuts dense that shield an August's sky,  
    What joy to climb in expectation high  
    To mountain perch, to wilding native bower  
Of some glazed Robbia, a pious dower  
    From Gratitude! What bliss to sweep with eye  
    The Tiber's plain, then mount in ecstasy  
    The slope where dwelt the sweetest cloistral flower,  
Seraphic Francis, and on Giotto's wall  
    To view his tender zeal to right the wrong!  
What rapture 't is to pass from hall to hall  
    Athirst, then burst upon the "Stanze's" song,  
Framed in its very frame congenital!  
    This is the way that works of Art enthrall!

## THE PREFACE

AT twilight after storm, we buoyant greet  
The break of lucent green in sodden air ;  
“ This is a harbinger, it will be fair,”  
We say, and on the morn, accoutred, meet  
The emblazoned day. My Art seems incomplete  
Because we should approach it up the stair  
Of keen desire, and prelude should prepare  
The mind. But sudden view, or indiscreet  
Farrago of massed works, Intention spoils.  
If we could but the wandering eye enslave —  
As dramatist adroit the heart entraps  
In his ascending wilderment of toils —  
And lead it up the polished columned nave  
Into the final Glory of the apse !

## TO THEMIS

IN summer when the night is clear and cold,  
Impartial falls the dew — a diamond sea —  
On humble tre-foiled clover, stately tree,  
And proud, wide leaves of blazing flower of gold,  
Turning to thee, O Phæbus, while you hold  
The sky with flame unbiased. It may be  
That at some Orient gate, blind equity  
Is dealt by spangled sultan uncontrolled,  
Whom we deem truculent, yet at the core  
Kindlier, because more swift, perhaps more just  
Than our protracting ministers of Law.  
We “justice loving” Saxons crown the bust  
Of Themis, and with reverence place it o’er,  
Oh, not the Pauper’s, but the Rich man’s door!

## SUNDAY VESPERS AT S

WHEN willows quiver in the golden air,  
When shadows prone athwart the silent leas  
Weave purple strands soft-creeping by degrees  
Towards the basking hills, then I, too, share  
The Peace of Seventh day, and unaware  
Of sixfold fret, pass rapt 'neath reverent trees  
Into the glooming nave's solemnities,  
Immersed in soothing atmosphere of prayer.  
Here even I, poor worldling, am enthralled  
By dighted memories that equalize  
The sunset glow from sanctities inwalled ;  
By some full-throated voice that throbbing cries  
From organ-loft above the Robbia choir.  
If Heart is touched, why need the Brain inquire ?

## DAYS OF ILLNESS

IN deepest shade of sombre, towering pines —  
Primeval pinnacles — I seem to lie  
Beneath their canopy, which bars the sky,  
And dark portentous mysteries confines  
Within its gloom. No ferns nor humid vines  
Thrust through the piled up needles, ages high!  
Naught but the brake of branches sere that die  
In the dun sunless limbo, which defines  
The limits of a region yet more dim,  
And more mysterious far. But world-ward near  
Its gate, there gleams like flaming sword God-set  
At Eden's portal with the Cherubim,  
A laurel-blaze — the wingéd angels peer.  
Thither some day I may emerge — not yet.

## VALUATIONS

WHILST conning estimations absolute  
Of genius made at various times, I note  
The widely varying values, that connote  
Standards diverse 'mong those who would impute  
Priority to idols. Now we hoot  
Derisive these sure verdicts ! Yet remote  
The lesson which should serve as antidote  
To baneful measurements, indeed acute,  
But equally absurd. What craze to rank  
The unrankable ! Sufficeth it not to say  
This man is strong — that man of purpose veils  
His strength — and this one wept, while that one  
shrank  
From tears ? We wield dissection's knife to-day  
More apt — but do we steadier hold the scales ?

## REFLECTIONS

I LOOK upon the glassing river's face,  
And see therein a mirrored pageantry,  
The amethystine clouds, the subtlety  
Symphonic of the varied greens that grace  
The timbered banks and grassy interspace.  
But yet the vision is not effigy  
Exact of what hangs o'er : some entity  
Is lost, while mere transmission doth efface  
Some splendor, or of light, or deep-toned shade.  
I look upon the face of a clear soul,  
And see therein its image as 't was made,  
Candid and free from guile. Oh no ! The whole  
Is never seen ; some shadow is concealed,  
Some glowing whiteness is but half revealed !



## DEGREES OF CHARM

### I

SAY not this rendering of a graceful thought  
Is bad, because 't was born in florid days,  
Or in the pseudo-classic time, when bays  
Crowned dogmas, or when " Macchinisti " wrought  
Foreshortened prodigies, and science brought  
To wide expectant wall, that well may daze  
The best of us. If their bravura ways  
Not ours be, ours not theirs, the true retort.  
Byzantium's saints askew on vitreous glare  
Of dome impress by majesty august,  
Then Art was " dead." Not so ; rude at the start,  
It blooms, then deflorescent wanes, yet ne'er  
Dies. Oft on high, as often in the dust,  
And yet withal some charm — so it be Art.

## DEGREES OF CHARM

### II

THE oak-leaf in its bourgeon-days divine  
Is fair, indeed, with fairness of the young,  
With comeliness of contrast keen, fresh-sprung  
From shaggy veteran boughs immune. The fine  
Full forms of growth attained, the scalloped line  
That marginates, the bluish glints among  
The sombre greens that shade cupped acorns, hung  
Adjacent, e'en with ampler beauty shine.  
And then Decadence comes : the vinous reds  
Deep dye the curling sapless leaf, and blaze  
Rich harmonies that compensate. The late  
Wan browns resplendent shine on turquoise beds  
Of heaven. At last in sere and crumpled phase  
It falls, and serves itself to reinstate.

*Giovanni*

“Sun-tempered peasant from Abruzzi’s peaks”

SEE PAGE 41







## TWO WINDOWS

WHEN sunbeams mellow grow, and mellowing fade,  
When in the gloom of unachieved desire  
I pose my tools, when the creative fire  
Is spent; then through the tepid crescent shade  
Of May rise from the street the throb of trade,  
And jar of wheels, their cries who hawk the mire  
Of daily sheets, the frenzied tramp of buyer,  
Of him who seeks, of him who would evade.  
Another casement looks towards westering sun  
O'er convent garden green. Through leafy throng  
Pour waves of music from the virgins veiled,  
With organ strains. While I, erstwhile undone,  
Now weltering in the pulsing tide of song  
See peerless things, e'en where my hand had failed.

## BROTHERS OF THE WEST

OF, kinsmen of the West, you speak as though  
We brothers, who indwell on orient shore,  
We of the East, who you but yester bore,  
Were aliens, and variations racial show,  
Such as the herder 'neath high Alpine snow  
Of Piedmont shows to swain who basks near hoar,  
Archaic Selinuntine shafts. No more  
Is he who tends the olives' terraced row,  
O'erlooking margins blue of soft Provence,  
Like him who sees La Manche's white-caps flow;  
Yet of one country — Italy and France.  
And we, blood brothers — if we will it — know  
Our ties consanguined must the State advance,  
The seeds of universal Manhood sow.



## THE "EMPIRE"

How dare we brand this polished classic Art,  
As passionless and pale, a livid light  
From Roman flame; as though a ghastly blight  
Lay on the ardent band who would impart  
Its feeling rapturous, the throb of heart  
For chastened form, its furious delight  
In calm; as if it had no well-won right  
To claim of recognition its due part!  
How dare we hound as formalists of stone,  
Canovas, Davids, Perciers and their kin!  
For they were honest; and they, too, were blown  
Amain by an afflatus genuine.  
They were as fiery in their coldness pure,  
As hottest of us all. Their fame is sure.

## A "DELLA ROBBIA"

AT this full season of the burdened year,  
My thoughts are framed like Robbia relief  
With fruit and haughty flower, with needle-leaf  
And resined cone of lofty spruce, with sere  
Ripe grain upright, and lowlier plants that near  
The furrows creep despised — yet past belief  
For bloom these kitchen Cinderellas. Chief  
Among them note the flaming yellow sphere  
Beneath huge leaves ; then note the tight-coiled ball,  
Its foliage purple-tinged with pallid veins,  
Bearing a sordid name I dare not call.  
Perchance this wreath of varied products frames  
Some sweet Madonna with the lengthened eye,  
Supremely tender. Who shall say? Not I!

## CONVICTIONLESS

### I

To-DAY I thrill in glint of morning hour  
At open fields, and hills that nobly sweep,  
Their emerald clearings, their massed foliage deep  
Casting blue tufted shades — a jeweled bower !  
To-morrow, lo, these vivid clusters lower  
Beneath the white south wind, and willows weep  
Dull tears compliantly. Again they sleep  
Enveiled in mists of mildest summer shower.  
And with these changings of the protean air  
My mood keeps equal pace in swift caprice ;  
For now the pensive tones out-laugh the gay  
Enfêted fields begemmed ; and now despair  
Inscrutable uplooms, while flowers cease  
To radiate in light, and all seems gray.

## CONVICTIONLESS

### II

AND if with high endeavor long sustained,  
We would portray the sweeping line of height,  
And multiform exuberance of bright  
Wide fields, the gem-like glints, the grasses grained  
With russet reds, the fringe around the untrained  
Gold-hearted daisies ; then with all our might  
We must unswerving keep in constant sight  
Our primal throb, immaculate, unstained.  
If he who would create is daily swayed  
By some ephemeral whim, some fashion's freak,  
Some glamour shed by dominating glare,  
Convictionless he 'll wander on paths frayed  
In a blind maze, nor tread Parnassus' peak,  
Nor feel the bays. Naught but the passing stare.

## TO SCIENCE

IN the World's race, O Science, you sore strain  
Our credence with the miracles that bring  
Great gain — perchance not bliss. And you do  
wring

Ejaculations sharp from us, who crane  
The neck to reach a cornice-crest, till brain  
Staggers at Babel's dream achieved. You string  
A subtle web from crag to crag, a thing  
Secure o'er which may pass the pond'rous train  
Propelled by vapor mere. And score on score  
Of wonderments you fling through the land's length  
And breadth. But must Uncouthness mate with  
Force?

Would Beauty mar? What of the Gods of yore,  
Those virile athletes fair, whose flawless strength  
Lay in the harmonies of limb and torse?

## NOT IN VAIN

How leaps the jaded flesh to call of will  
    Whene'er it strikes the clarion note of need,  
    Whether to help some nameless broken reed,  
    Or importunities of self fulfill !  
The smooth machine purls swiftly on until  
    Some trifling flaw, or something over-keyed  
    Will snap it. But sore may the body bleed  
    Nigh spent with pain, yet never cease to thrill.  
Earth's forces in their awful throes upheave  
    Her rind, and variegate the wildered eye's  
Horizon ; show where sparkling metals cleave  
    To hard alloy ; declare what men most prize,  
What they should shun. Perforce we *must* believe  
    Our utmost efforts a provision wise.

## WHEAT FROM CHAFF

ALAS, poor Art, thou hast become the goal  
For waifs, malingerers, stragglers from the line  
Of strenuous men who gladly pay the fine  
That competence exacts, — men sound of soul  
Who question not the cost that makes the whole  
Of Life a stress, yet Victory. And thine  
The shame that thou shouldst court the specious  
shine  
Of silken cant, of verbiage fair ! Enroll  
Not in thy band this masquerading crew  
Of fribbling men, nor yet the dames who prate  
Hysterical. Oh, Beatific Art,  
Save not this jetsam from the bark of true  
Intent : sole let thy servants stanch be freight,  
And guide the quivering keel to favoring mart !

## DID WE BUT DARE!

THE savage thunderbolt in furious swoop  
Excoriates and rifts with stunning roar  
The patient, fearless peaks that calmly soar  
Into the clouds' array, and its red whoop  
Of war catch and fling back, in echoing troop  
Of bass reverberations, to the hoar  
Astounded mists. What bearing of these more  
Than human things, which to no meanness stoop!  
Dared we but stop and brand the obvious lie  
That's daily thundered by some fetished tongue,  
And hurl it Cain-marked to the gaping mass!  
Dared we deride the wrath of Sanctity  
Fore-guarded by the assent which holds among  
The sheep-like crowd — then Truth for Truth  
might pass!



## MICHELANGELO—MILTON

I've often mused beneath the frescoed vault,  
Whereon the austere Tuscan has unrolled  
Creation's cycle, and in manifold  
Compartments, deftly planned, Man's primal Fault  
And Fall has wrought in forms which so exalt  
The soul, that neither lazuli nor gold  
We miss, till then the law. The heroic mould  
Suffices and soft grays, in glad default  
Of garish splendor. And while musing so,  
The thought has come, that he who trumpets sound  
August, and sings in monumental line  
The same great epopee, nor yet below  
The Angelo in flight, may here have found  
Some inspiration for his high design.

## TO A PORTRAIT

(NEW ENGLAND VICTRIX)

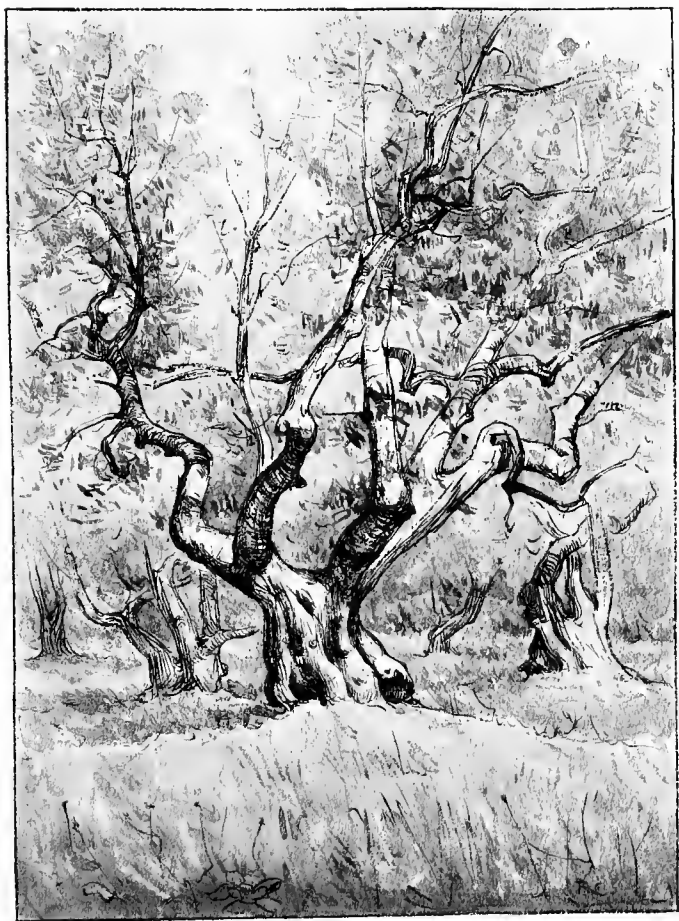
AGAINST a background cool of solemn green —  
That holds its hue of life in teeth of blasts  
Which kill less hardy growths, and kindly casts  
Deep grateful shade in heated terms — a Queen  
She stands, blonde daughter of the pine, in mien  
Both grave and sweet, erect as soaring masts  
Hewn in her native woods. As long as lasts  
Her kind the Nation's safe. For that serene  
Presence holds character, and truth, and will  
Unswerving to enact the right. And yet  
Not will alone ! Swift through the dusky air  
Shoots an aggressive beam ; and a bright frill  
Of light enwreathes the larch-crowned hair, a fret  
Of gold — Oh azure eyes ! Oh bosom fair !

*The Olive*

“Naught is more lovely than the olive-tree”

SEE PAGE 52







## DOUBLE HOLLYHOCKS

WHEN after procreant rains in warm July,  
The clear septentrion breezes scintillate,  
My double hollyhocks' gay pennons fête  
The freshened verdure with infinity  
Of petals crumpled in avidity  
To flaunt — like peacock vain to court his mate.  
Less braggart are they when in single state,  
Yet fairer in their plastic eurythmy.  
In reading some old volume long forgot  
'Neath lava streams from Man's eruptive mind,  
I startle at some pregnant pithiness  
Garbed tersely in sonorous phrases, not  
In verbiage pedantic, oft designed  
To cloak some stale idea with copious dress.

## THE REMEDY

ABSORBING sunbeams on a westward slope,  
Obliquely watching changes in the sky,  
My garden grows in blooming symmetry.  
Its full-toned tessellations fairly cope  
With the eternal pictures planned by Pope  
Paschalis, deathless Rome to glorify.  
Yet by intensest culture this so high  
Estate is reached — my consummated hope.  
If our good Ship of State can keep afloat,  
And fetch in foaming windward thrash the port  
That's now invisible ; *if* we can sight  
A culture wide-diffused, which would connote  
The *only* guarantee against the sort  
Of Law the tyrant few devise — All's right !



## IN HOT WEATHER

### I

It often happens that the tide of heat  
Rolls densely o'er a crowded city's face  
With fiery ruthlessness, and the foul place  
Sun-saturated bakes, e'en when trade's beat  
Has ceased at night, while myriad restless feet  
Tramp on, and flesh adust that would efface  
Itself, like Dives crieth out for grace  
From finger-tip dipped in cool water sweet.  
Hast ever, feeling thus, to ocean's shore  
Been swift translated, and the mighty reach  
Of white unnumbered sands caught sudden view?  
And heard enrapt the lengthening raucous roar  
Of the incomparable sea on beach?  
And felt its aqueous breath, and lived anew?

## IN HOT WEATHER

### II

OR yet again alight from stifling train  
Hast deep inhaled the even-tide's cool breeze ;  
And marked the rustling of the súrcharged trees  
In lushest June ; and hearkened the refrain  
Of pliant lissom leaves that dance amain  
In twilight cool to quickening wind that frees  
Itself from bosky heights ; and seen broad seas  
Of waving grass, and tall, blue-bending grain ?  
Oh Painter, you can give the afterglow  
From sun, the pallid flood of ambient light,  
The wooded hills, the trees where birdling sings,  
And waving grass, and corn blue-bending low ;  
But ah, the ecstatic fragrance of the night !  
The exhalations from the heart of things !

## GIOVANNI

### I

SUN-TEMPERED peasant from Abruzzi's peaks  
Of trembling rose cooled by cerulean stain  
From lazy clouds, thou comest to the plain  
Of triple-crowned tiara — plain that reeks  
With immortalities, where captive Greeks  
Victoriously uphold the lordly strain  
Of Rome, and Art Renascent not in vain  
Contends. Thou seekest him who ever seeks  
Fair forms to realize. And thou art proud  
To be his means, and eat thy frugal meal.  
A model for the simple life, oh, wooer  
Of graces let him pose. Vie not with loud  
Philistine flare. To thy pure lights be leal;  
For Art unyielding must needs aye be poor.

## GIOVANNI

### II

Wise Sadi tells us Poverty can find  
With Allah no acceptance. Wandering prayers  
Reach not his gracious ear. But he that fares  
In ease, can give entirety of mind.  
Oh, Father, who precedence hast assigned  
In paradise to Sacrifice, the tares  
Thy servants opulent — transferring wares  
To thee in easy ratio — have designed  
To check our better growth — these tares destroy,  
And grant us ready wit with righteous pride,  
A two-edged blade, to stand against the rife  
Effrontery of Gold, that in its joy  
Of arrogant possession would deride  
Us — *Us* — who lead the elevated Life.

## UNNATURAL SELECTION

THE lordly Iris, guarded by its blades,  
We cultivate for its imperial hue  
Touched with aureolin. It native blew  
In far Japan, till by fair favoring trades  
'T was wafted here. The rich flamboyant shades  
Of oriental Poppy pale the crew  
That lesser would compete. Content we view  
This primacy that e'en proud things degrades.  
The timid Violet we raise and love  
Not for its diffidence, but its supreme  
Aroma — and so on — always the best.  
Yet when it comes to man, those who above  
The average tower, pass on. Of Gods we dream,  
And live by mediocrity oppressed !

## “COMPETITIONS” IN ART

IT must be wormwood to those urgent men —  
Who would to competition aye resort,  
And gauge by numbers the poetic thought —  
That there's no deity within their ken  
Who may contest our Benefactor when  
He moulds the graceful surfaces that court  
The carping eye with color and extort  
Its praise. They must reluctant say “amen.”  
Yea, the supremest flowers, the amplest fruit  
Claim the enrichment of their special soil,  
Congenial airs, protection from the stress  
And tumult of the storm, degrees that suit,  
Most loving vigilance and tender toil.  
*Weeds* thrive in earth that serves the striving press.

## ILLUMINATE, O LORD!

WHEN we awake at night a keener sense  
Of coming ills — that in the glare of day  
Dance airily on many a fatuous ray  
Of specious light — our eerie thoughts condense  
To concrete fears, 'gainst which our sole defence  
Seems sempiternal sleep. Yet ashen gray  
Of chilly dawn shall scarce have passed away,  
When glossing sun will deftly lure them hence  
As every morn it lures the glistering dew.  
The *glossing* sun? Then surely this would mean  
That beauty masks the truth, and man sees right  
When all His works are veiled. If such be true  
Deceive no more, O Lord, with garish sheen,  
But shed thy Spirit pure o'er day and night.

## VEILED RIVER

IN my fair land there coils a river dear  
Through flower-garnished meads ; nor has it mate  
Elsewhere. Slowly it rolls deliberate  
In dark rimmed sluggish swirls from weir to weir,  
Like halcyon moments of a vexed career  
'Twixt storm and storm. Soft willows marginate  
Its banks, and build high cloisters foliate.  
Their branches groin the airy hemisphere  
Bedimmed, and shed a soothing tone of low,  
Mysterious green, relieved by welcome note  
Of piercing blue. Could I but smooth my brow  
Immured in such a shrine, and watch the flow  
Of levities, as buoyant nothings float  
Adown the tide — fain would I take the vow !



*Pompeii*

“On many a morn athwart the slanting rays”

SEE PAGE 54





F. C. 1900



## EVENING AT STOCKBRIDGE

THE sun has slipped behind the voided cloud,  
But now distended with the wrath of storm,  
That spent its copious self upon the warm  
Awaiting earth ; and violet vapors shroud  
The flowering, incensed meads, the hills low-browed.  
Sweet notes from distant chimes melodious swarm,  
Like flight of tuneful birds, and soft inform  
With Peace the soul in contemplation bowed.  
The storm of fiery years has spent its force,  
Whereof the memory vague is but a shred  
Of mournful gray, mere leaden fret on sheen  
Of joy. While nearward in their rhythmic course  
Float dulcet echoes of the things well said  
Or done, nor jarred by clanging "might have been."

## REQUIESCAM

THE lights are out, all out, and I, alone,  
Am groping in the dense Cimmerian night  
Among mute things: nor can I guide aright  
My course by touch habitual, nor tone  
Of wonted voice. Naught but spent stock or stone  
To be my Pharos flame. The mouldering blight  
Of apathy is mine, which clouds the bright  
Responsive stars — studding the welkin's zone —  
Aglow with alien fire, like to the kind  
Moist eyes that beam with kindling sympathy  
When we present our best, and ever keep  
Us to true trend. Ah, when the love enshrined  
Is veiled by ashen lids, when in the sky  
The stars no more respond — then let me sleep.

## CLOUDS

I would not dwell in Allah's paradise,  
In fruitful gardens 'neath which rivers flow,  
That irrigate the incensed flowers that grow  
Enamored toward uninterrupted skies.  
For I should miss the rains that fertilize ;  
The deep-blue shadows on the plains below  
Swift coursing clouds — like waves when sea-winds  
blow —  
And purple play on emerald wolds that rise.  
And I should miss the heavy masses dun  
Of some embattled wall, or clustered trees  
On cumulative vapors opaline ;  
And yearn for ruby fret o'er setting sun,  
Or pearly mists that greet the dawn's cool breeze,  
Or noon-day gems set in the sapphirine.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### I — LUNGHEZZA

I KNOW not if these ardent studies made  
In fair, heroic Italy be fraught  
With pleasure greater than the pain sweet thought  
Of prototype oft brings, since day I bade  
Farewell. The keen remembrance does not fade,  
Nor needs inadequate portrayals wrought  
In feverish fervor by a fancy caught  
With charm. Alas, they goad the unallayed  
Desire to feel again. This bit was done  
On the Tiburtine road. Red poppies strew  
The pallid fruiting grass, a swaying blaze  
To breeze. Long granaries that gleam in sun,  
With alternating piers and voids, on blue  
Of Apennine, gleam, too, with radiant days.



## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### II — S. SABINA

'T is said Saint Dominic, that trumpet-call  
To torpid souls, did plant an orange-tree  
That foliates and fruits in secrecy  
Within a cloistered garden near a tall,  
Square, storied tower, which dominates with wall  
Of mediæval craft th' acclivity  
Rising abrupt o'er swirls that seek the sea.  
In tawny mass from Umbrian vales they fall.  
Here in the dreamy month of languid May,  
I limned the pluméd palm, and grafted tree  
Whose glossy leaves and fragrant bridal flowers  
Like diamonds glinted in the matin ray.  
O Heart, when icy blast congealeth thee,  
How long I for those sunny cloistered bowers !

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### III — THE OLIVE

NAUGHT is more lovely than the olive-tree,  
Or when it casts its ashy cloud of green  
In fairy featheriness on lazuline  
Sea-waves, or climbs the slopes that sweeping free  
Upsoar from some far-reaching, fertile lea  
To purple lofts ; or when its silver sheen  
Plays to the wind against the celestine,  
Or lulls in shades of verdant mystery.  
The weird anatomy of limb and trunk,  
Convolved and riven with age secular —  
To which our gnarléd apples saplings seem —  
Cause wonder that a moss-grown stock, so sunk  
In sere decrepitude, should prove no bar  
To fruitage fresh — nor Age to fair young dream.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### IV — REACTION

WHAT splendid strength of tones in that gray wall !  
What deep intensity of blue, enforced  
By contrast with the vivid vapors horsed  
To western wind ! What darkness of the tall  
Commanding cypress, the grand seneschal  
Of this great color-feast, a holocaust  
To sensuous eye, that does not quick exhaust  
Itself in flare, and then to blackness fall ;  
But like the foaming rain-bowed cataract  
Pours out perennial glory into space !  
How far we are, poor men, in strength below  
Nature robust ! We force, and then react ;  
We launch our tensest efforts, and then brace  
Ourselves to meet the dreaded counter-blow !

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### V — POMPEII

ON many a morn athwart the slanting rays  
I've ridden from my Eden-like abode  
'Mid orange-groves, down to the whitened road  
That cleaves the laughing plain, which — in those  
days  
The younger Pliny has portrayed — the craze  
Of wild-eyed Terror trampled. Pleasure sowed  
And pale Death reaped, while through the blackness  
glowed  
From unsuspected mount the fatal blaze.  
Yet in the streets exhumed of that dead town,  
Which lay for eons 'neath the pumice-sea  
Engulfed; or in some peristyle still rife  
With tints that gleam against the boding frown  
Of fuming crater's cloud, it seems to me  
Less sad than in the living city's strife.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### VI — VILLA CONTI, FRASCATI

Cool villa Conti, thou hast been to me  
A rare retreat from Phœbus' brazen rays,  
And leaden cares, and fears of anxious days,  
As breeze-caressed o'er Rome's terrestrial sea—  
Where Peter's dome uplifts — the soaring key  
To heaven — I look ; or 'neath thy ilex maze,  
Bronze-tinted, gnarled, exultingly I gaze  
On splash of silvery jet, drought's threnody.  
Thy sculptured forms grotesque, thy gay arcades  
Expressions of a baser taste than ours,  
And storied terrace cleft by white cascades  
Have all been softened by the touch of time.  
So ripening age youth's vehemence endowers  
With mellowing traits, and moulds the man sublime.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### VII — SAN GIMIGNANO

Ah, it is long ago that in youth's blush  
I turned an angle of the rising way  
And caught the astounding glimpse of towers' array,  
Which rise from wall-girt hill like startled flush  
Of birds into the Tuscan sky, and brush  
The zenith's blue with crumbling weathered gray.  
Upon their crests it might be yesterday  
That steeléd factions smote — but for the hush.  
The marveling eye rests on a stage full-stocked  
With all the properties a play presage —  
A stage whereon no histrion appears.  
Yet in this mediæval pyx are locked  
The living deeds of that romantic age,  
And sacred memories of my young years.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### VIII — ON THE SACRED WAY, ROME

ONLY two notes — the unutterable blue  
On cloud-swept firmament, and the intense  
Sun-sodden ochres glaring from the immense  
Bare pile of Constantine, from residue  
Of once incrustated shrines, and old, yet new  
Façade of Saint Francesca's temple — whence  
The tawny travertine rays complements  
Of tone against the glaucous sky. Aye, two  
Notes only — blue ineffable and gold —  
The heavens unalterable and the ash  
From man consumed — the basking monuments  
Of erst impassioned worldlings, and the cold  
Indifference of speechless skies to crash  
Of States. — Yet what entoned magnificence !

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### IX — ROMAN CAMPAGNA

SOMETIMES I think it is the test of taste,  
The appreciation of the plain that sweeps  
From Tyrrhene sea to where Gennaro sleeps  
Serene, and aureoles the city traced  
By wolf-bred hand. The undulating waste,  
Whose flowering hummocks are but rounded heaps  
Of pillaged splendors, wrecks patrician, steep  
In gloom the mind that broods on uneffaced  
Enormities. But tone and perfect line  
Are all I see when breaks the unrivaled view—  
The madders, golds, and tints incarnadine,  
Each in their month, with the diviner hue  
On Sabine mounts, and aqueducts' straight, fine,  
And lessening flight into the far-off blue.



## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### X—TO A FOUNTAIN

I KNOW twin fountain-jets that tireless fling  
Great iridescent plumes of restless foam  
Into the even smalt of August's dome  
That brooks no cloud, nor indrawn mists which  
wing  
From distant strip of sea — like turquoise string  
On queenly, olive neck of girls whose home  
O'erlooks the plain of vineyard-girdled Rome —  
While streperous cicádas shrilly sing.  
The spray refalls in wide translucent sheets  
Into a mossy bowl of travertine,  
From thence to basin rimmed with balustrade  
Soft-stained by age. Here some blithe satyr meets  
His sylvan mate in mystic intertwine  
Of ilex deep, by wind-blown foam-flocks sprayed.

## ITALIAN SKETCHES

### XI — EPILOGUE

THINK not I love ye less my native hills  
That on your crests no time-worn tower stands,  
Nor crenelated cap, nor marbled bands  
Alternate on a fane, wherein man fills  
His heart with tenderness ; that by your rills  
No villa, cypress-sentineled, expands  
Its stuccoed wings in festive, sparkling strands  
Of light, and from the air blue shade distills.  
If ye are modeled with less stately mien,  
If ye in winter wear repellent frown,  
Think not I love ye less ; for I adore  
Your summer lushness, the transcendent green  
O'er intervale, the mountains' foliate crown,  
And swift expression of sweet Nature's law.

*Villa Conti, Frascati*

“Cool villa Conti, thou hast been to me”

SEE PAGE 55





P.C. 30  
FASCIA



## GRAZIE, AMICO !

WHEN all he knew were on the other side,  
World-prone to say the fault was his alone,  
And scoffed a nature quick as fluff, that's blown  
From seeding plants, to feel the rising tide  
Of Auster's breath — the speech that wounds just  
pride :

When blood abjured its debts, when love had flown,  
And stanch-built buttressed friendships been o'er-  
thrown,

When summer's fruits oozed gall, and insects lied  
In song, which chirped erewhile so sweet a note  
And true, that tired brain was lulled to rest :  
When all was lost, and naught seemed worth the  
while,

Thou didst not say with them "There is a mote  
Beneath thy lids," but uttered words thrice blest,  
And pressed the hand — God help thee for that  
smile !

## “MAKE HAY”

CAPRICIOUS summer flies when I am sure  
That she has come complacently to stay,  
Enflowered like the silks of deft Cathay  
On her inwoven dress — sweet and demure,  
Yet warm withal : while I myself secure  
In confidence inept! And now the gray  
Imbues the landscape in the pensive way  
That did a tender school of France allure.  
But hold! I feel the wakening southern air,  
And see the light-bursts on the leafy height  
And scent the stronger fragrance from the fields.  
Lo, there she is again, my darling! Fair  
In her embroidered gown! Now will she slight  
Me? Nay, to fatuous love she gracious yields.



## THE STRONGER SEX

THINK you the forum, or the badge of state,  
Or steel would bring you increment of power  
O sovereign woman soft, whom in an hour  
Select our benefactor did create  
Defenceless to defend her girded mate  
From his fell frowardness, and shift his lower  
Forbidding to consent by soothing shower  
Of moods, by inarticulate debate?  
Which hath the greater potency for good,  
The soft persuasive airs that work their charm  
In furrows waiting 'neath their crusted hood  
For spring ; or chill assertive gusts that would  
Invigorate — and yet work naught but harm?  
The telling bolt is flung when seas are calm.

## WAITING

How soft the darkling eve ! The sluggish cloud  
Yields copious rain, the drooping months' arrear,  
And sated earth beholden would appear  
To match the largess with its rising shroud  
Of summer mists that cool the parchéd crowd  
Of life. Afar the lights that promise cheer  
And cordial welcome to the kinsman dear  
Who 's heralded by shriek of whistle loud.  
Now lower the key. By sympathetic sight  
Of harassed hearts, suppose the thund'ring train  
Bore not the living, but a corpse this night,  
A hero dead, or a poor broken brain  
Worn out in humbler strife. Then would yon light  
Seem funeral torch, and brackish tears the rain !

## MOUNTAIN-LAUREL

### I

You flaunt, O Mountain-laurels, at the feet  
Of stern impassive pines that darkly loom  
Into the ringing blue, your flashing bloom.  
Pink-fluted buds in clusters dense make sweet  
Accord with blossoms fretted like the neat  
And airy fabrics dainty maids assume  
In summer time, and change New England's gloom  
Into the radiance of those lands where meet  
The red pomegranate, and the snow and flame  
Of oleander, to inlace their sheaves.  
O, Laurels, how we hopeless yearn for you !  
Not for the gleam of clustered flowers — nor claim  
We fluted buds. We crave the sombre leaves  
That crown the brows of the immortal few !

## MOUNTAIN-LAUREL

### II

AND who the few that wear the deathless crown,  
Whose brows seem aureoled beneath the green,  
So candidly they shine? These reign serene  
By cumulative years' consent adown  
The decades long. See the great clouds that frown  
In piled up involutions, ranged between  
The zenith and the hills in shade and sheen,  
Called Cumulus. On such a mass Renown  
Assured must rest. But when we cross the tide  
Of Stygian stream, and still world-scented make  
Through asphodel inquiries for the smug  
Puffed Czars who did complacently abide  
With us, and profitable sceptre shake,  
The nether Gods will blandly stare and shrug.

## GALL

'T is not the bondage of incessant toil  
That hurts — not that — since idleness conceals  
The patient canker-germ that sure reveals  
Its poison soon or late. Work is but foil  
To pleasure, and content the sweet recoil  
From flashing stroke thrust home, well done, that  
steels  
The flesh. The furrow or humped back appeals  
To pity, not to crime, on our free soil.  
But of potentialities rob man  
Say unto him, "Thou shalt not be of us,  
Thou canst not rule, thou hast the taint of caste."  
*That* is what hurts, and that the cursed ban  
Which makes him hate, and plot the infamous  
Assassination. God ! must such wrong last ?

## DRAWINGS FROM LIFE

THESE drawings from the quick in black, or red,  
Delight, because without reserve they yield  
First-fruits of fiery thought yet unannealed  
By cooling exigent of over-bred  
Finality ; because they give a shred,  
A bit consummate in itself, and sealed  
With personality, oft unrevealed  
In sacrifice called "picture." Warranted  
They are to evidence the strength, or lack  
Of that trained faculty, control of form,  
Untouched by savage passion for the glow  
From opulence — a gift the fumbling pack  
Ignores — and yet of lofty art the norm —  
A gift the greatest masters always show.

## DISSOLUTION

OH, Death, why should thy pallid blossom yield  
Such loathsome fruit, that 'gainst the will we shrink  
From cherished forms, which ere they reached the  
    brink  
Of fate, roamed radiantly life's pulsing field.  
Could we but shun thy gruesome rites revealed,  
Thy functions grim, the touch by hands unclean,  
The smothered fumes by counter-fumes more keen  
Of spicy plants — and yet but half concealed !  
Could we but mask the facts with glozing art,  
And cast a glorious halo round the dead —  
Fit tribute to fit life — and let the end  
A resurrection be ! Then might we part  
Resigned, aglow with sweet lament, not dread ;  
As when afar we lose a well-loved friend.

## TO A LUNETTE

SWEETER to gaze and idly dream than toil,  
And with averted eye from tools that irk,  
Absorb the anodyne delights that work  
Nor fret — begot of beam from fecund soil —  
And lassitudes delicious which soft coil  
Around the will, as noiseless serpents lurk,  
Then twine their spell-bound prey. -Dreams clear  
the murk  
Of care, as clears fierce crest-curles calming oil.  
Alert to imitate the phases fleet  
Of light or line with brush, were but to lose  
Their charm. The medley wild of visions trapped  
In Procrustesian verse were tame. To steep  
In ink sweet ecstasies were gall. Why bruise  
The enchantment of a contemplation rapt?



## TO AN ENGRAVING

EACH cloudless morn I greet the sturdy sun  
That shoots obliquely through the leaded panes  
His vital rays, and shower of gold-dust rains  
Upon a picture that erst shed on one  
I loved its calmness. She, alas, has run  
Her gentle course ; but graven line maintains  
Its charm ineffable. What chasteness reigns  
O'er the fond mother and the haloed son !  
What sweet sereness in her Umbrian face !  
How blond the infant pressed to Virgin's heart !  
E'en lack of color lends an added grace.  
No reproductive process can impart  
The burin's purity, nor yet displace  
Its use, which mastered, is itself an Art.

## A PRAYER TO THE STATE

O STATE, evince thy Puissance not alone  
By walls of steel, nor yet prodigious power  
Of huge projectiles that in flash devour  
Whole clans. Not only on thy strong, full-grown  
Resistless forms, well panoplied — aye prone  
To safe-guard, not attack — not only shower  
Thy golden gains ; but be a noble tower  
Of Elegance. Shine as in Athens shone  
Chryselephantine Pallas glorious,  
Impressive in her peerless imagery  
To loyal citizens. Stand forth not less  
In Beauty. Yea, stand forth victorious  
In raiments laureate. The primacy  
In Art assume. Conquer by comeliness !

## TO MERCHANT PRINCES

### I

If we must argue on a plane so low,  
O prince-projectors of emprises great —  
Whose highest aspiration, is to mate  
Your golden stream with rich Pactolus' flow —  
Ye who with masterly prognosis sow  
To reap a gross percentage, know this rate  
Would grosser be did ye bad taste abate  
And spend a modicum on studied show.  
What crime it is to smear God's faultless leas  
And crags with vulgar placards of your trade,  
Till some forswear the thing ye crave to sell !  
What need is there to trick utilities  
With costly, savage gauds ? Bad Art displayed  
Serves not to draw, but rather to repel.

## TO MERCHANT PRINCES

### II

FOR if the useful things should shapely be,  
They would not want this high-priced tawdry waste  
Which costs ye more and brings ye less. Good  
taste.

Is good investment. If on harmony  
Of each, and happy mutuality  
Your vast emporiums were firmly based,  
As well as on a rock, the world would haste  
To see these marvels of sweet symmetry.  
There are communities, beyond the seas  
That live on interest of monuments —  
Chefs-d'œuvres — that on their primal cost do  
make  
Percentage in the hundreds with great ease.  
Oh, Beauty, pardon this base reference  
To gain, now proffered for thy gentle sake.

## A VISION

(SEPTEMBER 30, 1899)

COULD the Triumphal Arch stand proudly here  
Amid the leafy troops, and at their head  
High Autumn waving oriflammes, instead  
Of in the masquerading town — veneer  
Upon the mean, that makes the crude appear  
Yet cruder ! Could our heroes, heralded  
By ringing breezes out of heaven, tread  
Beneath the storied groups that stately rear  
Their incandescent forms upon the sky  
Dimming the pearly clouds ! This would inspire  
Enthusiasm : and Nature's majesty  
The conquerors would abase. Then in our fire  
We might forget the price of victory —  
The glory flaming from a Nation's pyre.

## CONFIDANTS

BRAVE Hearts, who grievous maladies do bear  
In martyred flesh or mind tormented, choose  
Not to tax the o'ertaxed, nor yet abuse  
The quick encalloused ear to long despair.  
Go shout your bitterness to piping air  
That gulfs all lesser sounds in full-winged cruise  
Among concordant trees. Aye, go diffuse  
Your plaints on waves preoccupied with their  
Own thunderings ; or better, cry them clear  
And loud with clenched lips to your own soul  
That should have patience of the gods above :  
Or best of all, breathe in the blighted ear  
Of some sweet sympathetic mute your dole ;  
She 'll take it for the frenzied breath of Love !

## SWIFT MOODS

SLOWLY the wondrous aureate change is wrought  
From dusky August's greens — which densely ward  
On sated ramage the unharassed sward  
'Gainst scorching rays — to tones that eager court  
The heightening beams, and tender-swaying sport  
Upon the foiling blue — a brave accord  
By contrast. Slow the myriad hues on broad  
Mosaic fields, gay Summer's craft, are brought  
To sereness uniform. But from the deep  
Abyss of dark despondency when Life  
Has seemed to be achievementless, and when  
No excellence declares my zeal, I leap  
To tumult of swift joy, to guerdoned strife,  
To self-esteem — and then to gloom again !

## SPENSER

(SUGGESTED BY SOME WINDOWS)

UPLIFTING it has been to bide with thee,  
Pure bard, and in thy rarer air peruse  
The deeds of errant Knights thy roseate Muse  
With sweet refinement hadst ability  
To sing, and then "in all Humilitie"  
To Faery Queene present. I would not lose  
The tales of doughty paladins who bruise  
Incarnate vice for Ladies. Yet to me  
Thy spell lies in the noble end avowed —  
To fashion in the virtuous discipline  
A Gentleman. And do, in faith, our proud  
Progressions now more comely laurels win  
To crown a Life, than the "Gentilitie"  
Of Spenser, or his lofty "Chevalrie?"



## CLEAR SKIES

TO-DAY I laugh full-mettled in the shine  
Exalting as it heaves above the crests  
\* Deliberate, and on the landscape nests  
From flowered foreground to remotest line  
Of the perspectived hills, which scarce define  
Their high pretensions on a light that vests  
The horizon with a nacreous veil, and wrests  
From irised opal victory. Divine  
The sky unoccupied! Divine *my* sky  
Unclouded by a vexing film of care!  
Effulgent Stars, ye coruscate for aye  
In space — in unencumbered crystal air  
Beyond the vapor-girded earth. Could we  
But gleam in atmosphereless Life, like Ye!

## EVENTUALLY

WE shall emerge in course of time, I think,  
From satisfied Philistia through the maze  
Of thwarting crudities that block the ways  
To high refinement. Neither shall we sink  
Beneath the welter coarse, that cannot blink  
An eye emancipated. For there plays  
Below the surface-dross, on which we gaze  
Depressed, a zeal sure-saving that will link  
Us to accomplishment. So long as last  
These efforts resolute, so long there's hope.  
O men, who to the beautiful hold fast,  
And ye of finer sex, Relax not. Ope  
The chiseled gates of Art, and let the past  
Ring out its tale from East to Western slope.

## TO AN OLD MODEL

PLEBEIAN venerable, you have posed  
As Pontiff thrice-tiaraed, with the raised  
Ringed-hand in Latin style, whereon has blazed  
The pinch-beck gem, and finery that glozed  
Your vulgar state. Again we have transposed  
You on the canvas to the life, a crazed  
Old dotish pauper, and have been amazed  
At contrast. So our idols have imposed  
Upon us, man-like, sham on sham. For now  
We show as saints in Pharisaic mood,  
And now, off guard, poor things, for what we are.  
And if our thoughts were mirrored on the brow,  
And if we let the fancy's leprous brood  
Run riotous — dazed friends would gape afar !

## FRUIT INVISIBLE

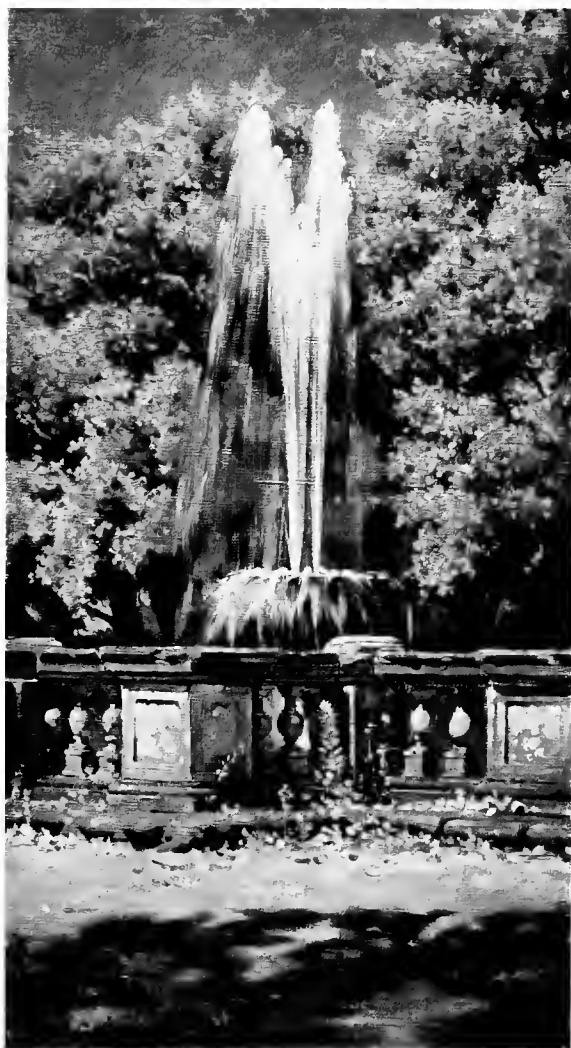
BE not discouraged, Heart, because thy best  
Endeavors bear not sudden fruit ; that thy  
Dure throbs score not the heedless passer-by  
With obvious scar. Is not the crushing test  
Of hurtling missile made far from the crest  
Whence wistful gunners watch ? Does not the high  
Hot harvest gale release 'tween sigh and sigh  
The ravished seed to germinating rest,  
Oft leagues from ripening fields where parent sere  
Sways low its amber head, nor anxious rates  
The loss nor gain of procreation's part ?  
But having flung its offspring to the near  
Fleet-swirling airs, the sweep of scythe awaits  
Unflinchingly. So wait thou, too, O Heart !

*To a Fountain*

“I know twin fountain-jets that tireless fling”

SEE PAGE 59









## A CULT

WE, who have labored long with guerdon small,  
Love as of old the bay-crowned classic muse  
Of gracious mien, whose harmonies accuse  
A guarded flame, whose curbéd lips enthrall  
The human heart more than the floods that fall  
From facile tongues, which pilotless abuse  
The art that would the chastened methods choose  
And with a tithe of energy tell all.  
Yet, if grandiloquence would choke its thought  
With avalanche of words — if, undismayed  
By law, amorphous novelties be sought  
By those who all sweet singing do upbraid —  
So let it be. With those of chaster sort  
We'll worship still the pure Castalian maid.

## TO A MEMORIAL WINDOW

(FROM PILGRIM'S PROGRESS)

### I

FAREWELL ye damsels beautiful and grave,  
Conceptions of a higher flight than mine  
Yet not more ardent ; for to the benign,  
Sweet memory of one beloved I gave  
My utmost art, and now distrustful crave  
Forgiveness for impuissance. Yet ye shine  
Resplendent in my dream, a stately line  
Of virgins fair with sumptuous symbols, save  
Pure Piety, more glorious still in white  
Unblemished, who with quiet gesture shows  
To wondering Pilgrim the transcendent sight  
Of mounts Delectable, where blue and rose  
Entwine their harmonies in radiant light  
Of Truth, of Love, of infinite Repose.

## TO A MEMORIAL WINDOW

### II

AND now ye placid stand on minster wall  
Entraced, aglow with opalescent glass  
Of vibrant hues, and tranquil view the mass  
Of worshippers, not pitiless withal  
I trust ; since ye must see the pallid thrall  
Of cruel pain, and hear their sobs who pass  
In anguish next the bier, and heed, alas !  
The misery of those who bear, nor call  
For sympathy of man. Again a peal  
Triumphant from the trembling pipes and ye  
Will note on brows conjubilant the seal  
Of bridal joy delirious. . . . To me  
Were great reward, indeed, if ye could heal  
The stricken soul — grant bliss enduringly.

## THE PERMANENCE OF ART

THE flash of high intelligence is spent  
To nothingness, as equidistant light  
Upon yon bridge—twin-lived when sombrous Night  
Doth drowse—is smothered by more affluent  
White flare of Day, though it perchance has lent  
A timely hand to some wrenched soul contrite,  
Who gropes for higher things from out its plight.  
Yet lesser wit in beauty eminent  
Attired, continuous shines—now fierce, now faint,  
As sun or stars according to the hour.  
Where now the rare devices? the array  
Of desuete rubrics of the past? the quaint  
Machines of devastation? Lo, the flower  
Of Art still blooms as on its natal day!

## FALLING LEAVES

DID myth of Danaë its reason owe  
To woman's virtue mastered by the shower  
Of devilish, luring coin that doth deflower  
The stanchest souls? Ah, what a sensuous show  
Those shining circlets scattered round the low  
Firm breasts! E'en thus did Phidias endower  
His art with preciousness, and lift its power  
With gleam of gold inwrought on ivory's glow.  
But yet it might be that some poet's eye  
Discerned on autumn-day a gilded rain  
From trees unrobing for their wintry sleep —  
A fall of gold-leaf down a creamy sky —  
As I discern it now from boughs that wane,  
From limbs relaxing for a slumber deep.

## BACKGROUNDS

IF Spring of tender flush and promise fair,  
That out of swarthy mould evolves fresh greens,  
Would metamorphose black, forbidding dreams  
And tune them to the sough of quickening air :  
If Summer, luscious-lipped, with pigments rare  
Deep-stained, and full illumined by the beams  
Of ardent light, could be the certain means  
To tint with splendid hues our dull despair :  
If Autumn's rods of gold brought golden thought,  
Or Winter's icy rack with bale imbued  
The soul : then Life a symphony would be !  
But nay ; our errant fancies over-wrought  
Their backgrounds make. The gay gild reaches  
rude :  
The sad would tarnish Eden's radiancy.

## INTRICACY

UPON the margin of the shrunken mere  
I saw the involutions intricate  
Of stranded, bleached roots that once did sate  
Great thirsty trees, but now on oozy bier  
Enshrouded in their whitened snarl appear  
Like petrified octopus in a state  
Of agony. And such will be the fate  
In after years of dædal phrase — the queer  
Enmeshing of a thought in tortuous style. . . .  
The tide of Life has ebbed ; but here and there  
From out the Forum rise into the smile  
Of Roman skies some graceful shafts that bear  
The stamp of Beauty still, and reconcile  
Us to a death that doth with life compare.

## O NIGHT!

QUIESCENT Night, thy deep sereneness grant  
To lay a thirst for things that cannot be.  
The Morning's goading beams arouse in me  
A wasting ecstasy of schemes, and taunt  
To strife a way-worn life, which efforts daunt  
In its decline: while the intensity  
Of searching Noon reveals in just degree  
My stature — ah so low! But failures haunt  
Me at the dying hour of paling Eve;  
And in the gloom I crave thy quiet light,  
Thy tranquil, studding stars that soft relieve,  
Thy ways inaudible that so delight  
The tossed. Into my being's fibre weave  
Thy golden strands of peace, O stellate Night!



## AN OCTOBER SKETCH

YON graceful birch-tree turned to mellow gold,  
Whose fine-cleft leaves by merest breath are bent,  
Remind me of a fair-wrought ornament,  
The craftsmanship consummate of some old  
Greek artisan. Its form soft airs enfold  
Of palest amethyst, and complement  
Its hue. To classic maid the trinket lent  
A heightening charm, when graces manifold  
Lay unconcealed 'neath clinging lilac gauze.  
And yet this birch's sumptuous aureate tone  
Seems dull beside the maple-flames that leap  
Around a solitary spruce which soars  
Aloft in gloom — a burnished golden zone  
Setting in fire a mystic emerald deep !

## GREEN AGE

IN wonderment we gazed upon the swirls  
Of golden rack behind the naked trees —  
That wrought o'er wall of hills an inlaced frieze —  
Assuming shape of subtile, feathery curls  
Ensaffroned of a giant plume, which whirls  
Across an ether blue the northern breeze.  
It might be winter, but for summer's lees —  
The virid sward through which the streamlet purls.  
Dear friend, who wearest on thy face the mark  
Too obvious of thy crowded, ruthless years,  
Thou standest well-provided to embark,  
As shortening life thy longer journey nears.  
Yet many sturdy days remain, I ween,  
For thy fresh, buoyant heart is ever green.

## TAKE NOT HER NAME IN VAIN

BLUE cinctured Land, whose monumental past  
Vies with the cypress grave, the wide-roofed pine,  
And olive vague to captivate, consign  
Thy lessening wealth of joyous craft to fast  
Deep dungeon-keep of Country. For the vast  
Array of *cultured* Goths would wrench thy fine  
Wrought scutcheons, tarsias deep, and glazéd shrine  
From setting fair, symphonic; and would blast  
Their beauty with antagonistic breath  
Of alien life — an ill-assorted match  
Of young with old. Guard, too, with jealous heart  
Thy sacred things from pundits' hands. Nor death  
Nor crypt they spare. E'en would they impious  
snatch  
Great Pharaoh's corpse. And this in name of Art!

## LATE OCTOBER

WHAT chilling fall of day ! The bitter gusts,  
Fore-trumping winter's march white-pennoned, scout  
The glacial skies, while on pale earth they rout  
Dry, crumpled, remnant foliage that rusts  
On barren boughs. The naked willow thrusts  
Its sheaf of branches radiate from out  
The pollard stump, as clustered runnels spout  
From Peter's founts upon an air that lusts  
For moisture in Rome's arid summer-time.  
Ah me, the summer-time ! Then thou wast green,  
Soft tree, and lay empurpled shades above  
The emerald. And I in bliss did rhyme  
To thee, and still do rhyme ; for clear between  
The mesh of years, I see thy youth, sweet love !

## SUCCESS!

WE often hear the prosperous sagely say,  
That some poor artist needs the useful knack  
Called "getting on," and has a woful lack  
Of worldly sense, nor finds the tortuous way  
To wealth, to credit plethoric, decay  
Of conduct, rise of gold — for which men rack  
Both soul and fibre to possess, nor slack  
At opulence, nor age's silver gray.  
If "getting on" means conscience to the wall,  
Means practice of law-sanctioned modes that yet  
Are dark, the coarse advertisement, craft's brag,  
The eclipse of probity, and over all  
The loss of Honor ; thank God we forfeit  
Place, that — as liegemen of the Muse — we lag !

## TO WINGED EROS

COMELY thou art, white Aphrodite's son,  
A lithesome, dazzling youth, neat limbed with fair  
Articulations and trim torso spare,  
The muscles low-relieved, not yet begun  
To swell with manhood's fibre firm, but none  
The less adroit to cleave the unwilling air  
With fateful shaft sure-guided to despair  
By long love-eyes — dark-lashed — to heart undone.  
Why spreadest thou strong iridescent wings,  
Wide-pinioned, from thy ivory blades, fell boy?  
Because daft man believes fatuity  
Of love Divine? Thou hast these feathery things  
That thou mayst fly deflowered loves, enjoy  
The glad delirium of Inconstancy.

## MIDWINTER

INCREDIBLE it seems that waste of snow,  
And sheeted ice which duplicates the gray  
Denuded coppice, should have late been gay  
With insolence of rampant hue, as though  
Perennial. Nor was it long ago  
That black in lieu of white thick-massed did lay  
Above that oval face, and winsome play  
Unleashed of dimples set with pearls did show  
To vantage spring-time on her wintry face.  
Sometimes I think the ill-environed brain  
Paints fairer than when fair reality  
Surrounds ; that rude antithesis of grace  
Doth force a lovelier note ; that through the rain  
And sleet we see intensest brilliancy.

## TO BOREAS

WHIRL me with wrath, North wind, to southern shore ;  
I'm weary : the chilled soul no longer strives  
Against thy blasts. 'T is aye the weaker lives  
Thou choosest and the rarest. For no more  
The strong man fears. By cumulated store  
Of crafty schemes the sturdy mob — where thrives  
The lust of gain, and leadership derives  
From height of hoard — heaps up its wealth before  
Thee impotent. Yet strength nor piled up gold  
Are all. Perchance the pliant, gracile heart —  
Transplanted whither wingless zephyrs hold,  
Infusing life, not bruising — may impart  
Something of sweetness to the human fold.  
Then hurl me south, harsh wind, *kind* wind thou art !



## ENTHUSIASM WITHOUT DELUSION

LET not my flame in wintry years grow faint,  
Nor the creative thirst be slowly quenched,  
As from the face of things the veil is wrenched  
Impregnate with the lure of tinsel's taint.  
When Tramontana winds have slipped restraint,  
And draw from cold Soracte's summit blenched —  
Chasing the filmy atmosphere that drenched  
With rosy witchery the view — and paint  
In deeper tones the more apparent line  
Fair-modeled of the lower Alban height,  
And loftier peaks of ranging Apennine ;  
Then am I grateful for the clearer light.  
O may enthusiasm e'er be mine  
Now that Delusion does not bar my sight !

## CHRISTMAS-TIME

I MEET not Christ-joy in the eager press  
That throngs to see the dazzling purchase-traps,  
But rather barter-mania that caps  
Achievement with fatigue. Yet none the less  
'Tis well to elbow for a merriness  
Having years' warranty ; more wise perhaps  
To narcotize the past by strain, than lapse  
Into aloofness from the sanctioned stress ;  
For then I see the loved, departed band,  
With whom in parle I would participate,  
And lip to lip would ardently entwine  
My arms with theirs. Alas, unmoved they stand !  
They do but wait for me — they do but wait.  
The empty place is at *their* board — not mine.

## TO ENGLAND

ENGLAND, I love thee and I love thee not;  
I love thee for thy manumitted thought,  
Which we recalcitrant — true scions — brought  
To shores immune from privileged dry-rot,  
From courts whose later arrogance begot  
Our State. I love thy love to master aught  
That hinders — right or wrong. I love the sport  
Olympic of thy youths, who cast their lot  
Indifferent on field of play or flame.  
But most of all I love thee for those bards  
Who sang intrepidly of vigorous  
Societies birth-peer, to whom the name  
“Sovereign” was lye, thy snobberies the shards  
From shattered rights. They should have been of  
us.

## THE RECOMPENSE

VERTUMNUS patient delves, and thrills, and frets  
That his rath harmonies may bear the test  
Of spring-born, fragrant Flora's eyes celeste —  
Blonde Flora, tricked with fretted flowerets,  
Who sings with vernal air her soft duets.  
He toils to favor find with Summer's guest,  
Pomona dark, in green the deepest dressed  
Red-freaked with fruits, red as hot sun that sets.  
Yet when his crop is ripe for eager hands,  
He notes the stifling calm, the swooping great,  
Swart thunder-cloud, with scything wings outspread,  
And every nerve a-taut he powerless stands.  
We, too, with travail sore upbuild and wait,  
Not in achievement's Joy, but verdict's Dread.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## QUELLE BÊTISE!

HERE am I a-trilling  
    'Neath a bourgeoned tree,  
Here am I a-willing  
    That my song should be  
Tuneful as the thrilling  
    Song of bird that 's free,  
  
When I should be sighing,  
    Leashing words that beat  
Futile wings while vying  
    To insure retreat,  
When I should be lying  
    Stammering at thy feet.

## A SONG OF THE GARDEN

### I

SAID the Rose to strawberry,  
"Of all flowers I'm the queen,  
So at least the lovely women who are very  
Lovely say. And I wear the royal red,  
While my orbs are garlanded  
With the fittest shade of green.  
And the pretty maids they bury  
Their sweet faces in my bed  
Of soft petals perfuméd  
With rich odors that I screen."



## II

Said the Strawberry to rose,

"I 'm the acknowledged king

Of all fruit that in the luscious garden grows.

And I, too, am imbued in royal red,

While my cones are garlanded

With a green of rhythmic ring.

And the fairest maids one knows

With warm lips on nectar fed

Taste with daintiness inbred

The high flavor that I bring."

## A SONG OF THE RIVER

I

WOULD she flout me,  
Would she scout me  
In dismay,  
Should I stroke her haloed tresses,  
Should I tease her with caresses  
In the flaunting light of day,  
As the Sun-god toys with Terra  
Till she blazes red with shame,  
Conscious of her venial error?  
Would she doubt me,  
Would she rout me  
Did I amplify her name  
With a "dearling" and a "darling,"  
To the twitter of the starling  
Till her cheeks were all aflame?  
While the willow leaflets shimmer  
And the wimpling wavelets glimmer.

## II

Would she shiver  
Would she shiver  
With delight,  
Did I breathe on swooning eyelids,  
As bold Phœbus breathes on Luna,  
Makes her smile with radiance bright?  
Should I whisper what my heart bids  
Would her parting soft lips quiver,  
Would her teeth shine white the sooner,  
Would she throb to throbbing giver  
Should I kiss her in the night —  
In a boatlet down the river?

## A SONG OF THE SEA

### I

BLACK are yon sea and sky  
Charged with destruction,  
Cloud and wave blend in night  
On the horizon ;  
Nigh surge the combing crests,  
Green as the emerald,  
Tossing their spray on high  
Quick to devour.

Let us sail into them,  
Grapple and perish.

## II

Blue is the sky above,  
The sea is resplendent  
Each wavelet is flashing  
Its jewel of sunlight.  
Color, and light, and calm  
Whisper "Welcome and linger,  
Here the unruffled soul  
Hath peace sempiternal."

Let us launch into it,  
And float there forever.

## TO GALENUS

ON a morn of resplendent weather,  
On an April's ineffable day,  
That has severed its wintry tether,  
And bespeaks the white garlands of May,

Galenus and I outpaddled  
In the quaintest kind of a boat,  
Not a care, not a thought that ensaddled  
Truant hearts on the streamlet afloat.

When the righteous were at their devotion,  
And the plausible Pharisee, too,  
To us came the impious notion  
That He who created the view

*Drawings from Life*

“ These drawings from the quick in black, or red ”

SEE PAGE 68









Of mountain reflected in brooklet  
And turf turning green on the plain,  
Could be worshipped in open-air booklet  
Devoutly read by us twain.

The willow shoots gay were imbrued in  
Their amber juices of spring,  
Which a bent for damp places now strewed in  
Our bent for the channels that bring

To openings rippled by breezes,  
To pools that are dimpled by trout,  
To banks that the sand-piper teases,  
As our oars dipped in and dripped out.

The air was transcendently quiet,  
Nay, even the birdlings were mute,  
Glad respite from turmoil and riot,  
The noise of that urbanized brute

Called civilized man in the city,  
Where cacophonies dear to his heart,  
Serve the purpose — the greater the pity —  
To attest the bulk of his mart.

We were dreaming rather than speaking,  
Cheerful rather than gay,  
Each of us absently seeking,  
Perchance in identical way,

Vague phantoms and hallucinations,  
That come in the bud of the year  
To confound the vaticinations  
Of him who laughs at the fear

Of Love the ever-persistent,  
Of Love that broods in the spring,  
Of Love that flouts the resistant ;  
Of all things *the* only thing.

Galenus if you were but Phyllis  
Were your redolent hair blossom-bound,  
Did your raiments, white as the lilies,  
Betray the symmetries sound

Of your limbs, of your figure consummate,  
Should I taciturn sit face to face,  
Overwhelmed by your graces, my dumb mate,  
In such a provocative place ?

Or should I yield to temptation,  
When to yield to my soul would bring balm,  
And declare my quintessent sensation ?  
Would the face of the brooklet be calm ?

And you, my sober Galenus,  
Were you dreaming the very same dream ?  
That I were your Phyllis ? . . . Between us  
We quietly worked up the stream.

✧

## THE CHOICE

OF the many flowers that bask  
On my terrace softly ranging  
Through the color-gamut, changing  
With the seasons, it would task  
My acumen should you wonder,  
My appraisal should you ask  
Which supreme is. I should blunder.

In my vagueness I should seek  
Amaryllis bird-like singing,  
I should note the flower clinging  
To her hair that sunbeams streak  
With their lesser gold in glory.  
Were it gaudy, were it meek  
That to me would tell the story.

Were it dainty, blue-celeste,  
Sweet Forget-me-not entreating,  
Tiny petals each repeating  
Tendernesses of days blest ;  
I should say this suits my treasure  
Better far than all the rest,  
And award it victor's measure.

Were it Marigold aglow  
With flamboyant colors flying,  
With the burning tresses vying,  
Making most dramatic show,  
Forcing even sceptic credence ;  
Surely, surely I should know  
Which of all should take precedence.



## CONSECRATED FLOWERS

I HEAR the blast of winter's latest breath  
Congealing nascent greens and sweetest vernal flowers,  
Sweetest since earliest, yet doomed to frosty death  
With crescent human hopes that pant for bounteous  
    bowers

Of June, offspring of May and fickle April's showers,  
Cheering the heart depressed by long hibernal hours.

And while with restless gait I pace the room  
Or count my steps in hall that meets the lofty eaves,  
And pass another door to break the lowering gloom,  
Behold, 'tis broken! For the fragrance sweet of  
    leaves

And flowers that thou hast worn and sanctified, reprieves  
My chafing, morbid mood, and incense back receives.

## A CONTRAST

If by the strength  
And the song's length  
Is gauged the force of voiced felicity ;  
Then must in shrillest, merriest ecstasy  
The cheerful cricket ding  
His triumph, who doth sing  
From flushing star of dawn to star of silver light,  
From dew-drops of the morn to drops of dew at night.  
But if with notes of joy my verse  
Sometimes doth ring,  
My heavy heart-throbs quick the joy disperse.

## IN AUTUMN

PLACID the autumnal stream,  
Placid they who dare not dream  
Dreams of incandescent sheen.  
They the losers, too, I ween.

## HEREAFTER

Nor hallelujahs loud nor frenzied hymns,  
But mere repose of soul and change of view.

## A THOUGHT

I DREAMED of far-off, wall-girt, Tuscan towns,  
Their tapering trees, and vaporous olives dear,  
Whilst scanning Massachusetts' pine-flecked downs ;  
Nor could I say which seemed to me most near.

## MICHELANGELO

Buonarroti ! high as eagles, that patrol  
The sky, their pinioned kind do dominate,  
So thou o'ertowerest all men of thy kindred state.  
*Not* that thy hand with greater cunning wrought ;  
*Not* that thou sternly worst the crowns by thee unsought ;  
But for thy godlike soul,  
Which crushes all with its preponderating weight !

## TO A LANDSCAPE

NOT now the thundrous cloud, nor strenuous gale  
That makes trees cringe, and show the silver side  
Of tossing leaves. Oh, not to-day the deep  
Effects of masses rich 'gainst sunset skies,  
Nor sensuous hues, nor freakish outline wild !  
But give me Peace — a pleasant sunny stretch  
Of landscape sweet in daisied June, all steeped  
In equal whitish light ; the bosky hills  
Flecked here and there with faint blue shades where

axe

Has hewn its way ; the nearer slopes well tilled,  
Sweeping in gracious curves to meet the brook,  
Not seen, but margined by the vaporous row  
Of willows thick ; and cropping through the grass,

Red-ripe, the uninvited flowers — though to  
The poet meet — not gorgeous, but bedight  
With frescoed tints, palish, yet adding glow  
To torpid, basking fields. From time to time  
(Alas how pitifully rare !) unvexed,  
Unharassed hours, stress free as unbent grain,  
Serene as sloping meads in sunlit June,  
Are foisted into agitated Life.

## THRENODY

### I

LIKE demi-god, who wore the shaggy spoils  
Of sovereign beast, I 've closed with sinewy Death,  
And once have worsted him, saving a heart  
Beloved, too young to go. But vanquished now  
And broken, impulseless, and without bent,  
I yield a cherished life to stronger Fate.

### II

FIRM-anchored by its grappling, burrowing roots,  
Upon a hill-slope lush with summer's lymph —  
That tones its varied hues to shifting skies  
Without a jar to eye — there grew a fair  
Proportioned tree, thick-fronded, highly prized ;  
For it had long companioned many moods.

One murky day a bolt sinister struck  
Its comely form, and rived with gashes deep  
The accumulated, palpitating growth  
Of years — and I, a helpless witness, gazed.

Recuperative nature has long since  
Adorned with alien gauds the soil where trunk  
Had clung to it, and veiled the transient sight  
Of wounded limbs with memory's vision of  
Its sturdier days. The unobstructed view  
Reveals a range of heavenly blue with flecks  
Of sun-flashed green — like plaques of Persian craft —  
'Gainst massive cumuli of shining clouds  
With azure rifts, whence shoot the quivering rays.



### III

Let me not bear in mind the sombre close  
Of thy frail life, the saint-like fortitude  
Of thy poor harrowed soul ! Let me forget  
The stress, the strain, and e'en those calmer states  
When thou didst lie like effigy supine  
On fretted marble, canopied beneath  
The angel-crownéd arch, whose shadows vague  
Abide in deep-set eyes ! Let me forget  
The scene when thou didst leave us in the gray  
Of early dawn, thine own face grayer far !

There hangs upon the wall a radiant head  
Of thee, dear mother, when a dimpled girl ;  
And yet another more mature in years

But ever sweet. Will not the daily touch  
With lovely traits, serene and sane, efface  
The evanescent lines of bitter days ?  
Will not thy gentle life be Life to me ?  
Will not thy death dispel the gathering shades,  
And open a splendid view of things beyond ?

## ADIEU

I CANNOT see the tops of my dear hills,  
The settling mists their crests obliterate,  
And curtain with a veil compassionate  
The sobbing trees, while lowering sadness fills  
My yester-heart of joy. The wailing rills  
Bear on convulsive, turgid waves their freight  
Of sapless dead, and the disconsolate  
Gray wind a mournful harmony instills.  
The glowing heat is spent, the song is sung,  
And these desiccate leaves upon the swollen  
Tide of verse will soon amain be flung  
To ocean's waste. Into the haunts of men,  
The tasks enforced, I hurl my lyre unstrung.  
And when the Spring returns? — We'll wait till  
then.









